Novus Reformator Vapulans:

OR, THE

Welch Levite

Tossed in a

BLANKET.

IN A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Hick— of *Colchester*, *David J*—*nes*

AND THE

Ghost of Wil. Pryn.

Quid innocentes hospites vexat Canis
Ignavus adversum Lupos?
Quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
Et me remorsurum petis?

Hor.

LONDON: Printed for the Assigns of *Will. Pryn*, next Door to the *Devil.* MDCXCI.

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THE PREFACE.

IT was the celebrated Saying of a certain Dutch *Minister* at Rotterdam, *That to drink Mum in a Morning was the same thing in effect, as to put on one's Night-cap in a Morning. The Gentleman's meaning, I suppose, was this, That Mum was an heavy, dull sort of a Liquor, that disposed People to be sleepy afterwards; and of this Nature, according to some Persons, are all stupid Treatises, and all insipid Pamphlets. To read a Page or two of 'em is literally and really all one with putting on one's Night-cap; they are true Opiates, and ought to visit the World at first in the very same place, in which they generally take their farewel of it, viz. In a Drugster's Shop. But I, that could read over the late famous Sermon of the Vicar of* Bray, *who, to his Honour be it spoken, still keeps up the Reputation of his Place, and does not in the least degenerate from the Noble Vertues of his great Predecessors; and what was a greater Tryal both of my Patience, and the strength of my Constitution, I that could read over Mr.* N--rris's *Essay about the Vanity of Humane Learning, which he dedicates to a blind Lady, with* Ichabod, *the Answer to the* Vox Cleri, *the* Mundus Muliebris, *the Weekly Observator, the Rector of* Exeter's *Case penn'd by himself, the Latin Translation of* Milton's *Paradice, all the late Plays, and other numberless Compositions of the same Stamp and Dignity, and all this without the least inclination to take a Nap, thought my self secure from the ill influence of one single Sermon, tho' it were never so well stored with Opium, and therefore made no difficulty at all of giving it a perusal. What gave me the greater Curiosity to examine it at my leisure hours, was to see whether it deserved the mighty Character, that abundance of People about the Town were pleased to confer upon it. For to my own knowledge several persons commended it for a piece of great Eloquence and Ingenuity, that have not Sense enough to distinguish between the No-Language and No-Rhetoric of* Baxter's *Everlasting Rest, and the solid beautiful reasoning of the Whole Duty of Man. And again, it past universally in* Dick's *Coffee-House for a Discourse of great Piety and Sincerity, amongst an Herd of Men, who have no other way to shew their concern for the Protestant Religion, but by railing at the Priesthood all the World over; or their Zeal for the present Monarchy, but by perpetually asserting the Deposing Power; Men that without the greatest assurance imaginable can make no Pretensions either to Piety or Sincerity, and who before this time could never endure any Publique Harangue that was guilty of having two such unpalatable Ingredients in it.*

One would indeed wonder, if he could condescend to wonder at any particular Passage in so strange an Author, to find so tedious and impertinent a Digression about Pluralities and Non-Residence, and other Clergy-sins, in a Sermon that was purely calculated for a City Auditory, and designed for another end; unless the Author was resolved before-hand to bilk his Text, viz. *The discountenancing of Pride. A man that is altogether unacquainted with this Pindarick way of Preaching, would no more expect to find a long Catalogue of Levitical Enormities in a Discourse of that nature, than to meet a formal Harangue against Flattery in a Book of Heraldry, or a sober Reproof of Perjury in a Plot-mongers Narrative: Or lastly, a Caution against Simony in a* White-Chappel *Treatise. I remember I knew a certain frugal Gentleman some years ago, who was only Master of one Simile, and that serv'd him upon all occasions: So with him a Man smoak'd like a Dragon, and drank like a Dragon, and eat like a Dragon; in fine, slept, walk'd, fought, rode, jok'd like a Dragon, and did every thing you can name like a Dragon. After the same manner there are several persons in the World of great Malice, but barren Inventions, that are tolerably well stored with one sort of Satyr and Invective, and this they very judiciously apply to all Subjects, and use before all Companies, tho' for the most part it comes as ill-favouredly and odly into the Discourse, as* Charon *and his Boat into* Michael Angelo's *Piece of the last Judgment. Our Author is one of this number. I dare engage (for the Reader must understand I am no Stranger either to his Person or Character) that if he were to preach before Civilians, Soldiers, Tarpawlins, Citizens or Courtiers, at the* Temple, *the* Spittle, Wappin *or* Whitehall; *nay, were it at a County Feast, or at the Head of a Drum, or an Alderman's Burial, this same Clamour about Pluralities and Non-residence would make up the better part of the Entertainment with him. He treats his Prelates with as little of his good Breeding as* Jo. Hindmarsh *does his Authors, and can no more, forbear to rail at his Superiors, whenever they fall in his way, than a Barber at those Gentlemen that trim themselves by their own Looking-glasses; or the City Porters at the first Projector of the Penny-Post Office. This surly Brutal Principle is partly owing to the sowerness of his Constitution, and has been since improved and advanced into an habit, by that just ill-usage and universal Contempt that his own Arrogance and insupportable Temper have drawn down upon him.*

I would not willingly be thought guilty of so much Impertinence, as to pretend to advise a Man of his invincible and stedfast Obstinacy; or otherwise I would counsel him, if ever he designs to plague the Book seller with any more of his Productions, and withal would pass incognito, *to lay aside his celebrated Talent of censuring and railing, for a while, and speak just as other Men do when they have a mind to appear in Publick: For this I can tell him for his comfort, he will be as effectually disguised in his Civility and good Manners, as an* Alsatian *Bully is by washing his Face, and putting on a clean Cravat. Indeed, where he has order'd matters, I am afraid this Conduct will be*

somewhat

somewhat too late for him to use in the Pulpit; he has drawn an heavy Rent-charge of Scandal and Railery upon himself, which now every body expects at his hands; and the Town will no more relish any of his Doctrin without a good lusty Invective against the Clergy to recommend it, than they'll endure to hear a Mountebank's tedious Cant, without the preceeding Diversion of a Farce, or a Man of Sense would do Penance in D---rfy's Company without the Amends of his singing. His Shoals of Prentices, blew Aprons, and other Auditors of that Noble Figure are a severe sort of Task-masters; if they should ever hear that he has Apostatiz'd from Calumny, and suffer'd himself to be perverted and debauched into Civil Language, away they would go and abandon him for a Reprobate: Nay, if he should go about to disappoint, or rather to cheat 'em of never so little of their accustomd portion in slander and backbiting, they would as certainly leave him, as they do the House where they are denied a full-pot, and Eleemosynary Tobacco. For in short he has used them to this fulsom dyet, and now he is bound in honour to furnish his Table with it still, which I confess he can do at a cheaper rate than any of his Brethren; people go on purpose to hear him for the sake of that defamation and ribbaldry he constantly provides for them, as the Sparks of the other end of the Town visit B---rgesse's Coventicle to be diverted with tall Metaphors and everlasting Grimace, so that a Sermon of his would no more pass without the usual Ragoust of reviling and reproving, than a Smithfield Shew without a Ghost or a Devil; and if he has ever a mind to change his Stile, he must at the same time resolve to change his County.

The truth on't is, both the Author and his Sermon are of so low and inconsidrable a Character in the World, that if it were not for the two following Reasons I had never troubled my head either with the one, or the other. He is pleased to say pag. 8. of his Sermon, That to let a Man go unreproved, in his Sins, is to flatter him: Now because I would not lie under the severe imputation of flattering our Author (for I had much rather the World should think me guilty of all the seven deadly Sins, than of that single scandal,) I was easily prevailed upon to give him a Chastisement, and that too in as publick a manner as his Crimes deserved. In the next place, he had unhappily, I can't tell how, deceived some ignorant people into a great opinion of his probity and learning, and I was resolved to undeceive them. If he seriously design the discouraging of Vice, and the promoting of piety, why then does he amuse his Auditors with things that have no relation to 'em, nay things that in all probability will render the rest of his Doctrin of no effect? or why does he busy himself in a province where he's more concerned, than our present unweildy Elephant of a Laureat in any of the City Dancing-Schools? To pretend to reform Mens manners, and yet instruct 'em how to rail at their Pastors with a better grace, is as ill-contrived a piece of Stupidity, as to encourage a Boy in his Books, and yet at the same time to tell him that his Master is either a Raskal or a Blockhead. Will his mighty bellowing against Non-residence oblige the Tradesman to a closer attendance of his Shop, or make him visi-

teth

the Tavern less? Will his condemning of Pluralities make the Chirurgeon leave prescribing of Physic, or deter the Shoemakers from invading the Corn-cutter's business, or fright the wicked Coffee-Man from dealing in Cherry-Brandy and Usquebagh? Will his arraigning the Clergy for removing from a poor to a rich Benefice, have that effect upon the Mercers, and Lace-Men, as to keep 'em in the City, and hinder them from exchanging Paternoster-row *for the* Piazza's *in* Covent-Garden? *Or lastly, Will the perpetual reproaches that he bestows so liberally upon his Ecclesiastical Governors, perswade the Republican party to Sacrifice their Old seditious principles, and talk with more respect of a Monarchy for the future? And now after all, if he has no farther designs in his head than to be advanced to the next vacant Curacy or Reader's place, since by his insufferable behaviour he has lost all his expectation elsewhere, I can only tell him he's exceedingly out in his Politics, and that he has taken as rude and unmannerly a course to get himself preferred, as the City Marshals by keeping a horrid noise with their damned Drums at people's doors, to make 'em remember their Christmas-Box. For my own part I must needs declare, that I look upon want of preferment to be the chief, if not the only reason of our Young Reformer's inveighing so zealously against the rest of his Brethren: Whatever the matter is, I could never entertain any great opinion of that Man's Sanctity, let his life be never so austere, and his pretences never so specious, that places the better part of his Religion in libelling and traducing his Superiours: Besides 'tis a true observation, that no one rails at Pluralities so strenuously, as he that cannot arrive to one single Benefice; as we see no Member of the House falls upon the Court party with that heat and vigour, as the Man that designs to be made a Minister of State for his pains: And 'tis an usual thing for those that are forced to trudge it a foot in the dirt, to wish the Devil had all those Persons that ride by in their Glass-coaches.*

He quotes Aristotle's *Rhetorick* pag. *the* 17th, *for that memorable saying of his, That* Riches make Men haughty and insolent, (*tho' it seems, Poverty has had the same Effects upon himself*) *and thus a St.* Bernard *or a St.* Austin's *Name have been used in a Country Pulpit to prove that Patience is an excellent Vertue, or to justifie any of the most common received, notorious Truths. But however with Reverence be it spoken, a Man that will give himself the trouble to read his Sermon, would no more suspect that he was acquainted with* Aristotle's *Rhetorick, than that Mr.* H--rris *or Mr.* P--wel, *or any of the Modern Play-writing Actors are acquainted with* Aristotle's *Criticisms upon Poetry. There's a continued vein of vicious Language and Reasoning that runs through all the Discourse; and were it not, that the whole Sermon from the beginning to the end is exactly of the same Piece and Contexture, I would cull out some of the most remarkable Passages in it for the Reader's Diversion as well as his farther Satisfaction. But now I think better on't, we were not to expect any such thing as Rhetorick from our Author, for* pag. 6. *he very gravely rebukes all those Ministers*

nisters that come to Church to make Speeches, and to preach Themselves, and turn the Church into a *Theatre* and the Pulpit into a *Rostrum*. *We know well enough for whom this surly Reproof was meant, but for this once let it fall upon our Authors dearest Friends, the Fanatick Divines, for I am certain they deserve it best. Those that now and then go to hear 'em, know that they make Speeches, and fine ones too, if the Hour-glass may be allowed to be Judge; and that they preach Themselves, especially towards the end of a Quarter, when the People are to be reminded of their Contribution-Mony, and that to Mr.* Betterton's *loss, by their several ridiculous Postures and Actions they turn the Church into a Theatre; and where's the wonder? for their devout Forefathers used to turn 'em into Stables. I must confess, I am no passionate admirer of any formal set Discourses, where one meets a great deal of good Language, but very sorry Sense or Thought at the bottom; and yet I cannot endure to see a noble Subject labour under the weight of barbarous Expressions, nor can I possibly bring my self to be of the same opinion with the generality of the Non-conformist Ministers amongst us, who either out of ignorance or design lard their lean Sermons with the most fulsom Metaphors, and the meaneſt Words they can meet, or if they have none of these ready to their hands, make no more scruple of coining new ones of the same quality (such as* Nothingness, Self-savingness, *&c.) than the Modern Souldiery of stamping one of their Pewter Buttons into a Farthing. To think that the Christian Religion is profan'd by good Language, or that clean Eloquence in a Discourse of Piety is as insignificant as (if I may borrow a Simile from the* Apocrypha) *a Scarecrow is in a Garden of Cucumbers, is a gross ridiculous piece of Superstition; and can only be excused by the sottish* Reveries *of the Capuchins, and other doting Orders in the Church of* Rome, *who place the greatest part of their Devotion in being nasty and slovenly, and fancy they dishonour God Almighty by wearing a clean Shirt.*

I have dwelt the longer upon our Author in the Preface, because I was resolved to allow him but a very small share in the Dialogue. His two Companions Mr. Pryn, *and the blustering Theologue of* Colchester, *as they are too well known by their Works to put any one to the expence of writing their Characters, so they were persons of better Sense and Malice, and consequently more likely to entertain the Reader with their Conversation. When I was talking of the most memorable occurrences that lately happened, I could not forbear to enlarge a little about the Merits of the Comprehension, and when my Hand was in there, to bestow a visit upon my old Friend of* White-Chappel. *No sensible man I presume will be angry with me, if I have not treated him with that Respect and Decorum that ought to be used towards Persons of his Function and Station: For if this sort of Style is criminal, it must be remembred that he gave the occasion, and that I have only copied from his* Answer to the *Vox Cleri. It would raise any Man's Indignation, that is not altogether composed of those two very bad Monosyllables, Phlegm*

and

and Schism, to find him there so barbarously insulting upon the Ashes of the late blessed Royal Martyr, and insinuating that the Immortal Portraiture is a spurious piece; but to our comfort be it observed, he has past the same Censure upon St. Ignatius's Epistles. In the same Book with his usual good Manners and Breeding he scurrilously reflects upon two as eminent Men as any we have in the Church, who are as much above his little Invectives, as they scorn the little Tribute of his Panegyricks. And he likewise abuses two other great Ornaments of our Nation, after another way, that is, with a great deal of his nauseous threadbare Flattery, in hope, I suppose, of being preferr'd by them. But this, in my Opinion, is the most scandalous, and if I may so call it, the most Uncanonical Simony any Man can be guilty of. For my own Particular, I must needs confess, That as Augustus was pleased to say of K. Herod, That he would rather chuse to be his Hog than his Son: So in relation to the above-mentioned Dr. I would rather chuse to be his Adversary than his Friend. As I was his Adversary I could only lie open to the feeble Efforts of his Malice, which can injure no body: But if I were so unfortunate as to be thought his Friend, I could not promise my self to be secure from his Panegyricks, which, as they may render a Man's Reputation suspected, so they are the most dreadful terrible things in the whole World.

If I have done any thing for which I am to beg the Reader's pardon, 'tis for suffering so inconsiderable a Trifle to sleep so long in my hands. Not to conceal any of my Infirmities from the World, I am sometimes possessed with the Spirit of Laziness as well as other People, especially when 'tis my fortune to light upon a dull Subject, and then I use to retard and delay the Affair, as naturally, as a Lawyer does an unpaying Clients Cause. But of all things in the World I should never desire to be forgiven for pursuing my Argument with too much Severity, if I had done it, as indeed I have not. For besides that some Parties as well as Persons I could name, deserve no Quarter at an Enemies Hand, so a weak impotent Performance is full as inexcusable in Raillery, as it is in the business of Love: And an Adversary, let his Character be what it will, is like a Nettle; if you touch him gently, he certainly pricks and stings you for your Civility; but if you squeeze him hard, 'tis ten to one you hear no more of him.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN *Hick*---- and *David*, and *Pryn*'s Ghost.

Pryn. BLESS me! Whereabouts am I? Have I mistaken my way or no? Well I am resolved to enquire of the next Man I meet, that I may be satisfied; See, here's one comes, but he's a *Levite* I perceive by his garb, and they are a sort of People I never much fancied in all my Life, no more than the rest of my Profession. I'll venture however to accost him —— Reverend Sir, your humble Servant. If your occasions are not very pressing, I wou'd desire the favour of you to satisfie me in a certain scruple that troubles me.

Hick. A very odd formal Fellow this! Satisfie you in a certain Scruple do you say? Come then, dispatch honest Friend as soon as you can; Dispatch I say out of hand. For ——

Pryn. Nay, Sir, 'twill be soon resolved, there is no great difficulty in the question, I can assure you.

Hick. Prithee Friend don't banter me with any of your *assure me's*. I tell you my Name is *Hick*--- of *Colchester*, and therefore don't amuse me with any tedious, flourishes at your peril. If you have any Scruple about the Legality of the Spiritual Courts, why here's my *Naked Truth* for you: or if your Scruple has any relation to the Liturgy, then make use of my *Ceremony-Monger*.

Pryn. No, I thank you Sir, 'tis nothing of that nature — In short Sir, I wou'd only request you to inform me where I am, and what is the name of this place?

Hick. Sure this old fashion'd Gentleman designs to put a trick upon me, but I'll soon cure him of his jesting humor. Why really honest Friend, this Question of yours, as you told me, carries no great difficulty with it; but what wou'd you say to me now, if I should give my self the trouble to beat you most immoderately, if I should pull

you by your worſhipful Noſe, or beſtow a perpetual Almanack upon your Bones, before I go?

Pryn. I deſerve no ſuch uſage from your hands. Upon my Sincerity, Reverend Sir, I mean you no harm by my queſtion. 'Tis not my way to impoſe upon any Man. I am really ignorant of the name of this place, and muſt once more deſire you to tell me where I am. I find I muſt give my Levite good Words. 'Tis a huge thundering two-handed Theologue. [*Aſide.*

Hick. Stay, let me conſider a little. By that ſanctified Aſpect, and formal Band he ſhould be none of thoſe perſons that uſe to make ſport with People in the Streets. 'Tis certainly ſome *Scotch* Miniſter or other that loſt himſelf in a Viſion laſt Night, and is not yet recovered. Well Sir, I believe your Intentions are honeſt, and that you had no deſign to put the Doctor upon me, as the ſaying is. You muſt know then you are in *London*, but I profeſs I wonder in my heart how you cou'd be ignorant of it? You are a Stranger to this City without queſtion.

Pryn. No Sir, that is your miſtake. I have a great deal of reaſon, I am ſure to remember it. I lived the better part of my Life in this place, and I can never reflect upon it without the moſt ſenſible concern in the World. If you were acquainted with my Name and Hiſtory, you'd ſay the ſame.

Hick. Why this is ſtranger and ſtranger ſtill. Cou'd you paſs the better part of your Life in this Town, and yet not know the Name of it? Not to uſe any Ceremony with you, Honeſt Friend, in my opinion you muſt be either drunk or mad, chuſe which you pleaſe.

Pryn. Neither Sir, I am the Ghoſt of *William Pryn*, formerly Utter Barriſter of *Lincolns-Inn* yonder, a Man that made no inſignificant figure in the World. I preſume a perſon of your years and gravity cannot be unacquainted with my Writings and Sufferings here. Judge you then, whether I have not reaſon enough to remember this City; only the new Buildings and ſtrange Alterations every where ſo ſurprized me at firſt, that I cou'd not poſitively determine where I was.

Hick. And are you the Ghoſt then of *William Pryn* of happy Memory? I profeſs I am raviſhed with joy to behold you. How can I ever thank my Stars ſufficiently for furniſhing me with ſo favourable an interview! Tho' I have ſome buſineſs of great moment and conſequence that calls me to the other end of the Town, yet I am reſolved to ſacrifice it for this time to enjoy the happineſs of your learned Converſation. —Well Mr. *Pryn*, I muſt needs own, you have reaſon enough in all conſcience to remember this ſinful wicked Town; Here unleſs the Chronicle miſinforms me, you loſt a pair of Ears to the Indignation of a cruel perſecuting Archbiſhop: Here you enconter'd with Prelacy and Superſtition, and here you erected an everlaſting Trophy upon the demoliſhed Abomination of high places. 'Tis impoſſible for me to tell you, what an exceeding pleaſure I take in ſeeing you; and I am inclin'd

clin'd to flatter my self, that my Company wou'd not be altogether disagreeable to you if you were better acquainted with my Character.

Pryn. You'll extreamly oblige me, dear Sir, if you will be pleased to give me a relation of your Life. But may a Stanger make so bold as to request this favour at your hands?

Hick. As I told you before, *Hick*— is my Name, and *Colchester* is the place of my Habitation. I have in my time wrestled with a mighty Prelate as well as your self, and declaimed as heartily against the Exactions of *Doctors Commons*, as ever you did against the illegal Oppressions of the *Star-Chamber*. 'Tis true, the Books I have wrote for the common cause are not as yet arrived to a Cart-load; but then give me leave to tell you they are full as tuant, and as well stored with Invectives as any of yours. I have as great an Aversion to Episcopacy as your voluminous self, and never failed to bellow against the Ceremonies and Disciplin of the Church as often as I had an opportunity to do it. Indeed as to the point of Sufferings, I must own my self inferior to you, tho' that was none of my fault. A short Imprisonment, a Suspension and the Formality of making a Recantation, (which I had the grace to disown the very next moment) were the utmost of my punishment; but then as for a hearty, through-paced inclination to the Cause, I cannot prevail with my self to allow you the precedence.

Pryn. I am glad to meet with a Person of my own Complexion and Humour: But Sir, now we are here, between our selves, is it not unnatural and odd for a Man of the Indelible Character, to rail at his Brethren of the same Profession? Does it not sound ill in the World, for a Son of the Church, and one that gets his Bread by the Church, to rail openly at his Mother, and endeavour to undermine her Settlement? You know what the Satyrist long ago observed, *Parcit cognatis maculis similis fera.* Now as for my self, I was a Lawyer, and we Lawyers as all the World can tell you, could never set our Horses with the Clergy. We look upon you as a generation of Men, that have established a distinct interest from that of the Civil Government; for when ever you find any extremities from that quarter, you presently betake your selves to the Sanctuary of your Spiritual Kingdom. Besides, not to recount the Quarrels we have to your Civilians, and the Managers of your Ecclesiastical Thunder, we hate all your Tribe for spoiling so many good Law-Suits as you do; by Preaching up those old, musty Doctrins of Love and Unity, and promoting so many References and Arbitrations amongst the People, to the grief and prejudice of all the poor Suffering Sons of *Cook* upon *Littleton*.

Hick. I never expected such a Reprimand from Mr. *Pryn*: If you were but tolerably acquainted with my History, I am sure you would never tax me with the guilt of propagating Peace and Unity in my Parish. Indeed if a Pious endeavour to set all Mankind together by the Ears, is the way to advance Peace and Unity in the World, I will

willingly submit to all the scandal of your Imputation. But is it possible Mr. *Pryn*, that you are so far altered from what you were formerly, as to reproach me with following your own Copy, that is, with railing at the Discipline and Ceremonies of the Church, and siding with the Fanatick Party?

Pryn. No, No, Heroick Sir, you have quite mistaken my meaning; I only made bold to tell you, that it looks a little unnatural methinks, to see a Clergyman expose the miscarriages of the Men of his own Order; but at the same time I was very far from quarrelling with you in the least upon that score. You may take my Word, (and you have no reason to think that any of the Dead would be guilty of Flattery) that I heartily cares and thank you for the good Services you have done us; for I was always of Opinion, that there is no way so effectual to ruin the Church, as by engaging some of her own Members to carry on the Design.

Hick. You say right, 'tis indeed the securest way in the World to bring about such an undertaking; for when any of the Laity bestow their Invectives very liberally upon the Church, the People are apt to suspect that Devotion and Honesty have very little share in the matter, but that either a Principle of Malice, or some particular pique or other has imbitter'd them against the Clergy: But now 'tis a different case with those of my Function; if we reproach our Brethren with their Ignorance, we purchase our selves the Reputation of Learned, able Men; if we accuse them of a Persecuting Spirit, we are presently extolled for Persons of Moderation; if we rail at them for their Immoralities, O what a Sober Primitive Minister is this, tho perhaps he takes off his half Dozen Bottles of Claret before he goes to Bed. If we keep a great pother about Pluralities and Non-residence, why here's a true Labourer in the Vineyard for you; and if we tell our People that Ceremonies are but Foolish, Impertinent things, and meer Human Inventions, the Congregation immediately cries us up for Pastors that have the Power of Godliness, and are disingaged from all the prejudices of Superstition and Will-worship.

Pryn. I find, Dear Sir, you are not to learn your Trade from me; you are infinitely above any of my poor Instructions.

Hick. 'Tis true, the discerning part of Mankind are too wise to be shamm'd after this rate; they are sensible enough, that 'tis either want of Preferment, or some private Grudge that makes us take up the Cudgels against our Brethren; but then their number is too small, and consequently too contemptible to be regarded; and you know 'tis our business to gain the Hearts of the Mobb, and not to angle for Wise Men. I am sure I have abundantly found the benefit of this Conduct; the People every where take me for an Oracle, and what is ten times more surprizing, they are such invincible Fools, as to cheat themselves into a Belief of my great Zeal and Sincerity. Thus I have so

so far compassed my Designs, that the Church is generally disrespected for my sake; and that, I need not tell you, is no small advance towards its Ruin. At the same time I am obliged to tell you, that I received no inconsiderable assistance in this Affair, from a sort of Men who are styled in the Modern Language, Sons of Comprehension; who if they had been permitted to have pursued the Reformation they designed, had certainly ruined the Establish'd Church, which thing you know the Dissenters have been zealously driving at this last Century.

Pryn. Sons of Comprehension do you say? I can't imagin what you mean by the Word. Is it then a spick and span new Faction in the State, or an old one newly furbish'd up? What do these Men design, or to what Church do they pretend to belong?

Hick. Why truly honest Mr. *Pryn*, they all of 'em give out that they are Zealous Members of the Established Church, and yet no Men ever contributed more to the Ruin and Destruction of it than they have done. Their business in short was this; to remove some of those Ceremonies that were Eye-sores to the Brethren ever since the Reformation; to castrate the Liturgy; to abdicate the Apocrypha; to enervate the Ecclesiastical Discipline; to reduce Episcopal Jurisdiction into narrower Bounds, and extend that of the Inferior Presbyters: In fine, to leave it to the Discretion of the Minister, to read as few or as many of the Publick Prayers as he should judge convenient.

Pryn. Well, I find Miracles are not ceas'd amongst you here in this World; but who could ever imagin that any of those Gentlemen, who some years ago defended every Ceremony of the Church with so much Pains and Zeal against the Attaques of their Adversaries, should be so strangely altered on the sudden, as to part with them freely, and thereby give an occasion to the ill-natured World, to conclude that they were all this while in the wrong, and their Enemies in the right?

Hick. Nay, I cannot forbear Laughing, as often as I think of the Conceit: Some of them were well-meaning Men, and hoped by these Alterations to bring over the most considerable part of the Dissenters to Church. Others found their Interest in this Conduct; for since the late Revolution, the Court, you must understand, seem'd to favour those Persons who were for advancing the Comprehension. Lastly, others (in which number I reckon my self) were willing to be revenged of the Church for its ill usage of 'em formerly, and now had as favourable an opportunity as Men could possibly wish, to effect their design. Thus you see that Indiscretion in some, Ambition in others, but in the most a Spirit of Malice or Revenge, promoted the affair. It would take up too much time to tell you with what intreague and vigour this blessed Work, as 'twas commonly call'd, was recommended to the pious care of the Convocation that was convened for this purpose. One County petition'd to have *Tobit*'s Dog lashed out of

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the Church; another presented their Grievance against *Bell* and the *Dragon*. Some were earnest to have the *Athanasian* Creed discarded; some were for Purging the Service of Matrimony from Obscenity; others desired to have a new Set of Collects, because the old ones were worn thred-bare with continual wearing; some thought the Prayers too tedious, others thought them too short. One quarrelled at the Cross in Baptism; a second found out down-right conjuring in the Litany; a third made his exceptions at Kneeling at the Sacrament. Nay, rather than stand out, some were willing to play at such small Game, as to pick Faults with the Calender, and so desired to have St. *George* and the rest of his Dreaming useless Brethren turned out of their Freehold there.

Pryn. 'Tis very surprizing, I confess, what you have told me.

Hick. All this while Comprehension was the Word in City and Country. Comprehension was still the Burden of the Song in Taverns, and Comprehension fill'd up all the Idle, Impertinent Conversation of the Coffee-Houses; 'twas almost as bad as Treason to speak the least ill word of the Comprehension. Nay, would you believe it? the very Butchers on the other side *Aldgate* had got the word amongst them, and made excellent sport with it; if they happen'd to meet with a surly, morose, ill-bred sort of an Ox, that was not over-forward to have any Alterations made in his Body, and to let a Reforming Knife strip him of his Ceremonious Hide; Knock him down, cry'd the whole Fraternity of 'em, dash out his Brains, cut his Throat there; 'tis a Prelatical Ox, he won't suffer himself to be comprehended in a Halter.

Pryn. If I were not a Ghost now, in spight of my Gravity, and the severity of my Temper, I could half kill my self with Laughing at these Stories.

Hick. I remember I was once at a Merry-meeting at *White-Chappel*, where you are to know this same business of the Comprehension was very zealously set on foot; and the Master of the House who gave us the Entertainment, represented the whole Mystery of the Comprehension in a Bowl of Punch.

Pryn. I have frequently conversed with some Dutch Divines in the other World, who were often talking of the great Virtues of Punch, and so I am not altogether a Stranger to the Composition of that Liquor: But pray inform how 'twas possible to represent the Comprehension in it?

Hick. Listen then. Says our Friend, Come Gentlemen, you know I promis'd you a Bowl of Punch; which that I may make *Secundum Artem*, as our Doctor has it, and that you who are my Acquaintance, may be likewise able to do the same at any other time, pray take notice of the following Prescriptions. *Imprimis*, Here is a Gallon of poor Passive Church of *England* Water, a dull unactive, unedifying Element, the Lord knows, and good for nothing of it self, till there's an Union or

Alliance

Alliance made between it, and some other noble dissenting Ingredients. Into this, do you mind me Gentlemen, I pour one Half-Pint of good, sharp, Independent Lime-Juice; and afterwards add one Pound of Superfine Addressing *Pensylvanian* Sugar. Now, says he, lend me the Sieve of Election, and the Ladle of Accommodation, and you shall see what a Noble *Sherbet* I have made you.

Pryn. There's more dexterity and art I perceive, to build one of these Bowls as you call it, than a Man would at first imagine: I find he must be a Master of his Trade.

Hick. A Pox on't, crys our Friend, this Foolish, Insignificant Church of *England* Water is too strong as yet for the Independent Lime-Juice, and the *Pensylvanian* Sugar; and therefore to correct or rather to destroy the unpalatable relish of it for all intents and purposes; I must, says he, according to our Learned Doctor's Method, pour in two Quarts of Lusty and Potent Presbyterian Brandy. Now give me, continues he, yonder well-grown Anabaptist Toast, a Toast of Years and Discretion, a Toast that can answer for himself, and so forth. But first of all, let us gently rub him over with the Nutmeg of Affability, and then dip him over Head and Ears in this Regenerating Liquor. 'Tis done Gentlemen, the Town is our own; but Lord (crys he) how it rejoyces my Heart to see how this Powerful Presbyterian Brandy Insults and Rides upon the poor Passive Hierarchical Water? Pray Gentlemen, come and see this goodly Sight, quickly, quickly, here; so we all peep'd into the Bowl, and laugh'd till we were ready to burst our Hoops asunder with the Conceit.

Pryn. Nay, I cannot discommend you for it; 'twas a Scene of Mirth enough to divert the most heavy Phlegmatick Creature in the World.

Hick. As a certain Spark in the Room very well observed, we only wanted a Consort of the sweet Singers of *Israel*, to have sung some Spiritual Latitudinarian Hymn or other, to the Tune *of the Gods and Goddesses*, (and our Entertainment had been Compleat; but we supplied that defect in a manner by the choiceness of our Healths; for first we drank a good Health to the *Scotch* Covenant; then we remembred our Friends of *Amsterdam*, and all our Trusty Fellow-Labourers near the Lake *Lemane*. After this we made a step to other side of the Globe, and there visited the poor Churches in *New England*. Lastly, we concluded all with Health, Wealth and Prosperity to all the Sons of Comprehension, and all the Daughters of Latitude in *Christendom*.

Pryn. Well, but I forgot to enquire of you, whether the Dissenting Party gave any great encouragement to this Project of the Comprehension; for unless they promised to come in, as soon as these Alterations were made; to what purpose was all this trouble taken? They could not be so vain as to imagine that this conduct would be

very

very acceptable to their own side; and therefore unless they had moral Assurances of bringing over the Dissenters, I think they reckon'd all this while without their Host, not to take notice that they made themselves cheap and contemptible into the bargain.

Hick. What some few of the topping Leaders amongst the Dissenters might promise to do, in case such Alterations were consented to, I cannot resolve you; but as for the generality both of the Pastors and the People, I don't believe they would have budged a foot for the matter. Perhaps to two or three of their chief Levites, a Bishoprick of Two Thousand Pounds *per Annum*, with a very few Amendments, might have become palatable enough; but as then such choice Blessings could not be distributed to all, and besides were few in number in comparison of more inconsiderable Places; so there's all the reason in the World to conclude, that but very few would have quitted their Station.

Pryn. I am clearly of your opinion; for Interest you know is the great business of all Mankind. The Fanatick Divines for their part follow their own Interest with as zealous an Application as any other Persons; and I am assured, that if they found no advantage in the Comprehension, they would never comply with it.

Hick. 'Tis very apparent that their Interest advised them to continue where they were; and I wonder why the other Party were such Blockheads, as to believe that they should be ever prevailed upon to sacrifice their old beloved Principle; 'twas endeavouring to Hedge the Cuckoe, even according to the Letter. Can you Mr. *Pryn* believe, that a Man of any tolerable discretion would ever leave his Congregation, where he reigns as absolute as the *Mufti* does at *Constantinople*; where he Hangs, Draws and Quarters as he thinks convenient; where he commands the People's Consciences, and consequently their Purses; where he can melt them into Tears as often as he pleases; where he's caressed and treated every day with as much Ceremony, as a young Heir is at the first Moment when he comes to his Estate: Can you believe, I say, that he would quit all these mighty advantages, to come to a Church where he is not secure of meeting half this Respect and Veneration; where his tall Metaphors and impertinent Harangues will make no impression; where his Theatrical Grimaces will be all exploded; where he must renounce his extempore Talent, and put himself to the severe expence of talking intelligibly, unless there were a certain prospect of a larger Revenue to make him swallow all these mortifying Considerations? No, no, Mr. *Pryn* the dissenting Ministers are Masters of more Discretion than for the sake of a foolish Complement or two to relinquish their real Interest, and quit so advantageous a Post as they are already placed in.

Pryn.

Pryn. What you have obſerved of their Divines, may I ſuppoſe be as reaſonably concluded of the Laity. As Matters were ordered in my time, and I believe they are not alter'd ſince, the Merits of the Separation were but very ſuperficially examin'd by the People; for moſt of 'em conſidered that being of that party help'd 'em to a good Trade, and what was more tempting, helping 'em to the reputation of Sanctity, with certain hopes of a Saintſhip into the bargain, and ſo what wonder is it, if they continued firm to the Intereſts of that Church, where there was a good Trade, and a good Reputation, and a good Saintſhip beſides to be had at ſuch reaſonable penniworths? Beſides, there's a certain ſort of a titillation, which only thoſe who have experimented it can deſcribe, in refuſing to ſubmit to whatſoever is publickly eſtabliſhed. Men love to indulge their own humors, and can't indure to have the Government preſcribe any Rules to 'em. In fine, 'tis the only ſign of Diſcretion and a mature Judgment with ſome perſons to diſſent from all Mankind, and carve for themſelves. I had almoſt like to have forgot, that when we meet in corners to worſhip, it looks as if we were the little Flock of the Elect, that the heat of Perſecution had driven into thoſe retreats; but then all this mighty Zeal and Devotion that is kept alive by ſweating and crowding, and being everlaſtingly bored by our Neighbour's Elbows, would certainly evaporate and expire in a large Church. So upon the whole matter, I find no ground to believe that the People wou'd ever have been inclined to leave their old way of Worſhip, in caſe their Miniſters had forſaken them, and therefore 'tis I confeſs a ſurprizing thing to me, that the Church of *England* ſhould ever attempt to new model their Conſtitution, when they could propoſe ſo little benefit to themſelves from doing it.

Hick. They expected, you muſt underſtand, to have proſelited the whole Bodie of Diſſenters, tho' you and I have ſufficiently obſerved what an unpracticable ill grounded *Chimera* it was, and it would appear a thouſand times more impoſſible to be effected, if we ſhould take a full view of the other Separatiſts, as Quakers, Independents, Anabaptiſts, and ſo forth, whereas we have only been talking about the Presbyterians. But however impracticable the deſign be, yet thoſe perſons who were engaged in the Affair, either believed it to be very feaſible, or elſe they would have perſwaded the World that they thought it ſo. For in order to receive this vaſt number of People they expected, they were contriving how to enlarge the Church-Porches before-hand; by the ſame token that I cou'd never hear any mention made of that Project, but it immediately put me in mind of a certain remarkable ſaying of *Diogines*.

Pryn. What was that I pray?

Hick. As the ſtory goes, that itinerant Philoſopher came by chance to

adorned little rackally Town in *Rhodes*, with a huge, ſwinging pair of Gates to it, ſo he ran to the Market-place, and cries as loud as ever he was able: *Good people, lock up your Gates, that 'em I ſay immediately, for fear your Town ſhould take a frolick and run out of them.*

Pryn. So you imagined then that if the Church-Porches had been widen'd, the Congregation wou'd have preſently run out at the Doors, did you not?

Hick. Why truly, Mr. *Pryn*, I did, and I don't queſtion but that if the Comprehenſion had ſucceeded, I had been found a true Prophet as to this particular. Tho' I wiſh the deſign had taken effect, becauſe I pray for the Church's Deſtruction, and don't know any way ſo effectual to have produced it as what I am diſcourſing of, yet I cannot forbear to rail at the Blindneſs and Indiſcretion of thoſe People who laboured ſo mightilie to bring an unavoidable Ruin and Scandal upon themſelves. To quit a firm eſtabliſhment and throw up the Fences of a well compacted Diſcipline, in order to get a little fulſome popular Applauſe for a moment, and oblige ſome of *Johannes de Nubibus*'s wiſe Relations, was in my opinion as groſs a piece of ſtupidity, as it wou'd have been in *Sampſon*, if he were now alive, to cut off his Hair wherein his ſtrength depended, and for no other deſign than to wear a Perruque, and qualifie himſelf for keeping company with the *Beaux* of *Covent-Garden*.

Pryn. So it was; but how came the buſineſs to miſcarry at laſt?

Hick. Tho' we had ſeveral perſons of great Intereſt and Authoritie that join'd with us, and beſides the late turn of Affairs ſeem'd very favourable to put this deſign in execution, yet the major part were of a different opinion. They pretended, that it was below the Dignity of the Church to alter Eſtabliſhments for the ſake of thoſe people, who had taken care to give the World invincible Aſſurances of their being contented with nothing but a throwing up of the whole. That a Faction within the Church (which they apprehended might ariſe in caſe the Comprehenſion ſucceeded) was infinitely more dangerous than the Schiſm without. That if ſome Conceſſions were made in favour of one party, as ſoon as that was done, another party might demand to have the like Indulgence ſhewn to them, and perhaps with as much reaſon, or at leaſt with as much pretence. In fine, that thoſe Alterations might have very ill Effects with the Members of their own Communion, and oblige them to ſeek that Steadineſs and Conſtancy in another Church, which they cou'd not find at home. Thus our plea was over-ruled at laſt, and that hopeful project which had employed ſo many ſucking, Sermon-printing Authors to recommend it to the World, came unfortunately to nothing, to the great mortification, and diſappointment of ſeveral perſons who had

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amuſed themſelves with no ordinary expectations for their good ſervices in promoting it. But Sir, if you pleaſe, we'll wave this ſubject, which gives me abundance of uneaſie Thoughts as often as I reflect upon it. And now, honeſt Mr. *Pryn*, let me deſire you to inform me, what mighty Concern it is, that has drawn you from the peaceful Manſions of the Dead to reviſit the World, was it only to indulge your Curioſitie, or is there a private Intreague at the bottom?

Pryn. Nothing of that nature upon my word. I was deſirous to know whether Prelacy was aboliſhed, and conſequentlie the whole Train of Superſtition baniſhed and diſcarded; how Affairs ſtood with the ſober godly part of the Nation; and laſtly, what were the crying prevailing Sins of the Age. This was the true and only occaſion of my Journey, and I need not tell you, how far you won'd oblige me by giving me a full Account of all theſe Matters.

Hick. Alas, Mr. *Pryn*, you are come in a verie unluckie moment! I am ſorrie that I have nothing of Conſolation to entertain you with. Prelacy was never the darling of the people ſo much as at preſent; it is too far own'd and ſupported by the Government to be ever undermin'd or ruined. Nay what is the moſt miſerable caſe of all, it has ſo conſpicuouſly deſerved of the Proteſtant Intereſt in general, as well as of the particular Libertie and Propertie of the Subject, that we cannot attacque it with the leaſt colourable Reproach or Calumny.

Pryn. How! And is it impoſſible then to trump the old Card of Popery, and ſo forth, upon them?

Hick. Why, truly Mr. *Pryn*, 'tis even ſo. We muſt take our everlaſting farewel of that Argument, it will do us no further ſervice I can aſſure you. It has been the perpetual cry of the Saints, you know, ever ſince the beginning, that when ever a favourable opportunitie ſhew'd it ſelf, the Prelates and all that party wou'd immediately liſt themſelves in the Service of the *Man of Sin*.

Pryn. I remember it very well, by the ſame token, that this Aſperſion did our Cauſe no inconſiderable ſervice in the late Wars, when we traduced 'em all for being *Babyloniſhly* affected; by Vertue of which Scandal we made a ſhift to get an Archbiſhop ſacrificed on *Tower-hill*, and the whole Fraternity totally extirpated.

Hick. What you ſay is indeed very true. But alas! I cannot think upon it without conſidering at the ſame time how unfortunate we their poſterity are, who cannot preſume to perform ſuch glorious Exploits. The only thing we can do, is to make a little Clamor about prelatical perſecution; but even this pretence vaniſhes and makes no impreſſion, as ſoon as people reflect upon the Rigor and Iron Yoke of *Presbytery*,

when by the Pious Efforts of the Parliament in Forty Three, it was advanced to the Chair. But as I hinted to you before, we must take our everlasting Farewel of our old dearly beloved Topick of Popery, for we cannot mention it without reproaching our selves to the highest degree, and doing them the greatest Honour in the World.

Pryn. Though I must confess I have an incurable hatred to Episcopacy, as I believe all persons have that are deeply tinctured with my principles, yet I cannot forbear to acquaint you, that if what you say is really true, it would oblige me to abate a great deal of my old Severity and prejudices against them.

Hick. The late King you must understand was a zealous Bigot for the Popish Religion, and endeavour'd by all the ways in the World to introduce it into the Kingdom; and as this Design was not to be executed, considering the posture of Affairs at that time, without making use of an unlimited Arbitrary power, and carrying the Prerogative to greater heights than any of his predecessors had done; so the only Obstacle he met with, both in regard to popery and the Dispensing power, was from the Established Church. Not a single pamphlet appeared, either from the *Savoy* or St. *James's*, but immediately all its little Artifices were laid open, and all the Arguments answered with that perspicuity of Thought, that beauty of Language, that variety of Learning, and above all, that respect to the Soverain then in being, that I, even I, who am a professed Enemy to the whole Tribe, and hate them as heartily as the Apothecaries hate the Chirurgions that intrench upon their Trade; yet cannot forbear to do them this undeniable piece of Justice. Nay would you believe it? Seven of the Prelates chose a voluntary Imprisonment, rather then contribute the least either to the introducing of Popery, or the Slavery of their Country; so that that Religion had in a manner abdicated a long time before its Monarch. All this while the Dissenters——

Pryn. ——Ay. what did they do? for you know they use to smell Popery at as great distance as——

Hick. As they say a certain Peers Horse can smell Fire.

Pryn. And besides hate Popery and all its wicked Works as mortallity.

Hick. As an itinerant begging Levite does Pluralities, or a Griping old Cit does a Lecture against Oppression. Why all this while, Mr. *Pryn*, the Dissenters sate as mute as a new Sea-Chaplain in an Engagement; and notwithstanding there were every day fresh advances made in behalf of the Romish Religion, yet they seemed to apprehend the danger of Popery no more, than *Noah* and his Family did the Conflagration, when they were stow'd up in the Ark.

Pryn. You have certainly a Design to amuse me with Impossibilities, a

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for in my time I am sure the Dissenters were another sort of Men; rather than not find Popery somewhere or another, they could then find it out in *Christmas*-Pies and Plum-Porridge; and rather than not quarrel with Idolatry, they could then quarrel with the Will-worship of Maypoles.

Hick. Upon my word Mr. *Pryn.* 'tis every Syllable true what I have told you; you need not entertain any such ill-grounded a suspition of me, as to imagin that I would slander them in the least. To reassume my Discourse, I don't know of one single Sheet of paper that was written either by any of their Divines, or so much as a Lay Elder against the common Adversary; nor did I ever hear of the least inclination they shew'd to oppose Popery by way of Discourse, unless it were a certain Minister of that stamp here in Town, who as often as he mentioned King *James* in his Prayers, very honestly prayed that he might becoome the terrour of *Rome*.

Pryn. What? that a Popish King might become the terrour of *Rome*; O Incorrigible Sot! And why not as well that he might become the Scourge of *Constantinople*? Nay why did he not carry his ridiculous Banter farther, and pray as follows? *Viz.* May he fall foul upon the skirts of the Great *Mogul*, and confound the Devices of the *Cham* of *Tartary*. May the *Bay* of *Algiers* truckle to him, and the Mad King *Madagascar* be his most Humble Servant. May his *West India* plantations never fail to send his Subjects the best Tobacco, and his *East India* Factories never fail to send them the best spices to put in their Bottle Ale. All this stuff might have been as pertinently pray'd for, as that a Popish King might become the Terrour of *Rome*. And was this all they did?

Hick. You shall hear. Instead of encountering our profest Enemies, who were every day gaining ground upon us, the Dissenters employ'd themselves in nothing else but charging the Church of *England* with a spirit of persecution, tho' what they suffered was, between Friends I may say it, rather upon the score of an open plain Conspiracy, than for their Religion; and besides, was not to be named in the same Year with what the Episcopal party had without any pretence of Equity, suffer'd under their Dominion formerly.

Pryn. These undiscreet proceedings gave admirable sport and Entertainment to the priests, without question. But pray proceed.

Hick. Shortly after this, the late King for Reasons obvious and evident enough, was pleased to issue out a Free Toleration to all his loving Subjects of what perswasion soever; and tho' the Dissenters, if they had but half the understanding of an Humble Bee, might have easily perceived the drift and meaning of that Indulgence, yet they either really were, or what is full as stupid, pretended to be all together insensible of

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the design. You cannot imagine how dutifully they ſwallowed this Bait, tho' it ſcarce ſerved to cover the Hook. Every *Gazette* was ſo crouded with their fulſome Addreſſes, that a Man, unleſs he had a particular Intereſt at Court, could ſcarce prevail to get a ſtray'd Horſe, or a deſerting Prentice into the Advertiſements. You'd almoſt have ſworn, it had rained Complements for a Twelve-month together, as *Livy* ſays it rained Stones before the *Punick* War; and ſuch indeed theſe Complements were, for they proved as fatal at laſt to the deluded Prince, as the Brick-bats did to St. *Stephen*. No young fluttering Coxcomb ever deſired his Miſtreſs after ſo prodigal a rate, no hungry Poet ever ſquander'd away ſo much nauſeous Flattery and Rhetorick upon a liberal Patron, as they did upon the miſtaken Monarch for his no gift of Toleration. In ſhort, if they had had all *Arabia* in their hands, it would not have furniſh'd them with Incenſe enough upon this occaſion: by their frequent Correſpondence with the other Party, they were got too into their Dialect, and ſo talked of nothing elſe but Oblations and Sacrifices. And what were their Sacrifices? even thoſe goodly Things called Lives and Fortunes. Tho' by the by, Mr. *Prin*, they ſacrificed them as really, and as much according to the Letter, as the *Roman* Prieſts do their Saviour in the Sacrifice of the Maſs.

Pryn. You have perfectly aſtoniſhed me with your News. Oh the degeneracy of this profligate Age. Their Forefathers I am ſure, were Men of another kidney. They cou'd ſcarce be brought to acknowledge the Lawful Rights of Princes; and here their graceleſs unworthy Sons pay a ſervile Adoration to a confeſs'd Arbitrary power.——Well, I find, I muſt make all the haſt I can to the other World, to converſe again with the Hero's of the laſt Age; for I have not patience enough to tarry a moment longer in this.

Hick. Nay, nay, Mr. *Prin*, prithee don't be ſo eager. If you'll liſten a while, you'll ſee the Diſſenters are not a pack of ſuch reprobate Creatures, as you concluded them at firſt to be. The Saints you know may ſometimes have their back-ſlidings, and who can help it: but then the Saints by vertue of a ſmall Repentance, may ſoon recover their Reputation again in the World. To be ſhort, Mr. *Pryn*, the Diſſenters as they are no Raskals, ſo they are no Fools; they knew better things, than to ſtand by a Diſpenſing Monarchy when it came to the trial; they believed, and ſtill beleive no more of the *Jure Divino* of King-ſhip, than they do of the *Jure Divino* of the Alcoran; and tho' they made ſo many ſpecious repeated promiſes of ſacrificing you know what, yet to their immortal Honour be it ſpoken, when they came to conſider cooly and ſoberly of the Matter, they found there was rank Popery in the Word. Indeed, if a Man had not known them, and their principles ſomewhat better, he might

might have been apt to think the same thing of them, as the Gentleman did of a certain Rake-hell of a Levite, whom he found very strenuous declaiming against Lewdness, *viz.* that they had been in earnest: but alass, Mr. *Pryn*, they designed nothing in the World but a Jest, a mere Jest, when they made so many Solemn Vows of their Sincerity and Allegiance; and if their Conduct in the late Reign was a little obnoxious to Censure, and so forth; yet by their behaviour under this, they have made a sufficient atonement for it. Since the late Revolution they have asserted the Deposing power with as much freedom and vigour, as ever they did between Forty One and the Restauration. The Rights of our Soveraign Lords The People are publickly maintained; and there's ne're a Pulpit-Thrummer of that Character here in the Town, but has as often told his Congregation, That Kings are accountable to the Subject for every miscarriage: as he has whisper'd to the Women, that unless they rifle their Husband's pockets to pay the Minister, they are to expect nothing but Fire and Brimstone in another World.

Pryn. Why this makes me some amends for what you told me before.

Hick. What is more, Mr. *Pryn*, all the bold publick spirited Pamphlets that visited the World in the late blessed Times of liberty and property, have been lately Re-printed, and cried about the Streets; and scandal, God be thanked, is as much in fashion every-where, as Flattery and Dissimulation at the Court, or Cheating in the City, as Whoredom in *Venice*, or an Insensibility for one's Religion in *Holland*. Secret Histories are as ready Money to the godly Booksellers, as a secret Reserve of Claret to the Vintner. The Govenant begins to regain its credit with the World, and a Commonwealth, or what is the same, a precarious Monarchy, is not talked of so disrespectfully as formerly. Nay, rather than want scandal to furnish our Customers with, we have travelled as far as *Scotland* to provide our selves of so precious a Commodity, and now we have enough upon our hands to supply all the Markets in Christendom. Not to be tedious with you, Mr. *Pryn*, the Dissenters are the very same Men as to this particular concern, as ever they were; and tho', as in Interest bound, they pretend to have the greatest veneration imaginable for their present Majesties, yet to keep them in awe, and make them mindful of their Stewardship, they treat their Royal predecessors with as little Ceremony, and as much Freedom, as a Man would a common Porter or Scavenger in the streets. Their private Failings and Infirmities have been exposed to the World as publickly as the Votes of the House, and what never fails to be done upon such occasions, they have lost nothing at all in the relation.

Pryn. That I believe. And now, Sir, let me tell you, this latter part of your Discourse has as it were revived me, if a Ghost may be allowed to use

uſe ſuch an expreſſion. The truth on't is, I have in the other World heard moſt of the things you have been pleas'd to relate to me; but then the account of Affairs that we have below is ſo very uncertain, and withal reported ſo differently, according to the particular genius and inclination of the Relator, that one cannot tell whom to believe, or what News to depend upon. This was partly the occaſion why I impos'd upon my ſelf this troubleſom Journey; and I ſhall always reckon my ſelf indebted to my good Stars, for giving me the opportunity to ſatisfie all my Doubts, from the Converſation of ſo worthy a perſon as your ſelf, whoſe ſincerity I have no more reaſon to queſtion, than I have to deny the great Obligations of your Civility to a ſtranger.

Hick. Oh fie, Mr. *Pryn!* I muſt deſire you to forbear theſe Complements. I vow to God, you'll make me bluſh now, if you advance 'em any further upon your humble ſervant.

Pryn. Indeed I muſt needs own, it rejoyces me exceedingly to hear that our old Friends have not apoſtatized from their ancient principles and tenents about Government; but what troubles me at the ſame time is, that they have dropt the old pretence and charge of Popery, which is to my knowledge, the beſt Jewel they have in their Crown. Their Anceſtors I am confident wou'd ſooner have renounced their *Magna Charta*, and *Hopkins* into the bargain, than have parted with ſo advantageous and ſo popular a Calumny. I remember thoſe bleſſed Times, and the remembrance of 'em is the greateſt Entertainment I have to relieve all my penſive Moments in the ſhades below, when every thing in the World that was diſpleaſing and offenſive to the Brethren, went under the Name of horrid, abominable popiſh Superſtition. Organs and Maypoles, Biſhops Courts and the Bear-Garden, Surplices and Long Hair, Cathedrals and Play-Houſes, Set-Forms and painted Glaſs, Fonts and Apoſtles Spoons, Church-Muſick and Bull-Baiting, Altar-Rails and Roſemary on Brawn; nay, Fiddles, Whitſon-Ale, Pig at *Bartholomew*-Fair, Plum-porrige, Puppet-ſhows, Carriers Bells, Figures in Gingerbread, and at laſt *Moſes* and *Aaron*, the *Decalogue*, the *Creeds*, and the *Lord's Prayer*———

Hick. Paſs'd all for antichriſtian carnal Devices, Rags of Popery, Things of human Invention, ſet up by the Man of Sin to Scandalize the ſaints, and pervert the unſtable.

Pryn. You ſay right; and ſo was every thing you can name, except a black ſattin Cap.

Hick. Becauſe it ſavoureth of Gravity.

Pryn. A Sack-poſſet.

Hick. For lo! it encourageth the Miniſter in his Miniſtry.

Pryn. A Surloyn of Beef.

Hick.

Hick. Becauſe the Saints are verily groſs Feeders.

Pryn. A long Cloak.

Hick. Becauſe, like Charity, it covereth a multitude of ſins.

Pryn. A long Prayer.

Hick. Becauſe Widdows and Orphans are not palatable without 'em.

Pryn. A long Allegory.

Hick. For behold it is very refreſhing to the White Aprons. Likewiſe except long Ears, Mr. *Pryn.* There I think I have bobbed you. (*Aſide.*

Pryn. An *Extempore* Sermon.

Hick. Becauſe *Extempore* Nonſence, is more excuſable than ſtudied Nonſence.

Pryn. An Ordinance of Both Houſes.

Hick. Becauſe a King is virtually included in them.

Pryn. A fat Capon and a Bag-pipe.

Hick. Becauſe the one is a *Geneva* Diſh, and the other a *Scotch* Covenanting Inſtrument. Laſtly, Mr. *Pryn*, to ſum up all the Evidence together, becauſe we won'd not loſe time, except Committee-Men and Lay-Elders, Battle and Murder, Free Quarter and Famine, Sequeſtrations and Declinations, Compoſitions and Monthly Exciſe: And all this was but neceſſary and requiſite, in order to humble the Prophane, to mortifie the Ungodly, and pull down the Pride of the wicked Malignants, that ſo being ſequeſtred from the Vanities of this World, they might have nothing elſe to mind, but how to lick themſelves whole in another.

Pryn. Then, my dear Friend, we carried on the bleſſed Work of the Reformation, as far as Zeal inſpired with Intereſt cou'd carry it. We reformed the Almanacks, new Chriſten'd the Feſtivals, Unſainted the Apoſtles, ſet the Chimes to Pſalm-Tunes, and gutted the Bible of the Service-Book and Apocrypha. A Crown, a Croſs, an Angel, and Biſhop's Head cou'd not be endured, ſo much as in a Sign. Our Garters, Bellows, and Warming-pans wore godly Motto's, our Band-boxes were lined with wholeſome Inſtructions, and even our Trunks with the Aſſembly-mens Sayings. Ribbans were converted to Bible-ſtrings.

Hick. And ſo were Graces to Long Prayers, and Churches to Stables.

Pryn. Nay, in our Zeal we viſited the Gardens and Apothecaries ſhops. So *Unguentum Apoſtolicum* was commanded to take a new Name, and beſides, to find ſecurity for its good behaviour for the future. *Cardinus Benedictus*, *Angelica*, *St. John's-wort*, and our *Ladies Thiſtle*, were ſummoned before a Claſs, and forthwith ordered to diſtinguiſh themſelves by more ſanctified Appellations. Thus by the plauſible appearance of our great piety, and our zealous performances in rooting out Popery and Superſtition, we got an abſolute aſcendant over the hearts of the people, and ma-

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naged them juſt as we pleaſed. But alas, theſe Golden Times are clearly gone, and I am afraid we are to expect 'em no more.

Hick. I told you before, Mr. *Pryn*, 'tis to no purpoſe to charge the Church of *England* with any more Popery. What they did in the late Reign has made ſuch an effectual impreſſion upon every body, that ſo ridiculous a Calumny is never to be uſed, at leaſt as long as this Generation is alive. Beſides, to tell you the truth, the people are ſomewhat wiſer in this Age, than to take every thing for Popery, which a formal Thing in a little Band, and a black Cloak calls by that Name.

Pryn. Why then we muſt bethink ourſelves of ſome other expedient. I remember a pleaſant ſtory of a Fellow in my time, that had a Show at a Fair, ſo it ſeems the buſineſs in hand required a little Snow; ſays the Maſter of the Booth to the Fellow that managed Affairs behind the Curtain, *Why don't you Snow there?* Sir, ſays the Fellow aloud to him, all the White Paper's gone. *Why then you Blockhead*, cries the Maſter, *Snow in ſome Brown Paper.* And therefore, Mr. *Hick---*, ſince the old Clamour about Popery will be no longer ſerviceable to us, let us conjure up ſomething elſe to promote our Cauſe.

Hick. That's well enough conſidered. And who ſo fit to draw up the Indictment againſt the Prelatick Party, as the experienced Mr. *Pryn?* Your Talent I am ſure lies in ſcandal, and unleſs the other World has alter'd you for the worſe, you are not unprovided of Malice to encourage you to do it.

Pryn. What think you then, if we ſhou'd tax 'em with Ignorance, and want of Learning?

Hick. It wou'd do very well, I confeſs, if you cou'd but perſwade the Bookſellers to burn all the Books and Sermons they have printed within theſe twenty Years; for thoſe are like to be ſo many ſpeaking Evidences againſt us: and then you muſt be ſure to clap a Padlock upon moſt of the Conventicles here in Town; for if our Enemies ſhould take occaſion to peep in there, 'tis ten to one, but they'll return the Charge back again upon thoſe that began it; There's firſt of all Mr. *Burg--ſs*, yonder in *Covent-Garden*, muſt be deſired to hold his peace; for you cann't imagine how ſtrangely people talk of him, for the freedom he uſes in his Pulpit, and particularly ſaying, a *Sunday* or two ago, *That our Saviour was the Second Edition of God Almighty's Will with Amendments.* Then we muſt likewiſe ſilence poor Mr. *Mayow*, at *Colledge-Hill*, he that in the Days of Yore held a Brew-houſe in *Commendam* with a Conventicle, by the ſame Token that the Ungodly rail'd at him for keeping Pluralities, not knowing that the Saints ought to have *Grains* of Allowance given 'em. And laſtly the zealous Mr. *Timothy Cr-ſ-r* muſt be ſerv'd after the ſame manner,

a plain

a plain unaffected Preacher, 'tis true, and one that values himſelf as much upon the ſcore of his being unacquainted with the Fathers, as a jealous *Cheapſide* Cit hugs himſelf for being unacquainted with any of the borrowing Courtiers. He was haranguing the other day about the late Rapes, and told his Auditory, That *ſo manifold and ſundry were the Rapes committed in and about the Town, that it looked as if the great Enemy of Mankind the Devil, had ſown the City with Rape-ſeed.* This has ſunk his Reputation ſomewhat in the World. There are ſeveral others in the ſame predicament with theſe; but it wou'd be as troubleſome to enlarge upon their Characters, as to acquaint you with all the variety of Night-Caps, Flannel Shirts, Waſt-coats, Doublets, and Upper Coats a certain Noble Peer wears in the Winter.

Pryn. I find by what you have told me, it will not be ſo very convenient to muſter up the Charge of Ignorance. But what ſay you now to the old Imputation of Debauchery and Profaneneſs.

Hick. I am afraid, Mr. *Pryn*, this ſame buſineſs will do us as little ſervice as the former, 'tis a two-edged Sword, and cuts either way. We ſtill call ourſelves indeed, the ſober godly part of the Nation; for the ſame reaſon, I ſuppoſe, as the Kings of *England* ſtile themſelves Kings of *France*, *viz.* becauſe our Forefathers were ſo: But they, a ſhame take 'em for it, wore their Hypocriſie to Rags, and ſo their Sons were cheated of their Inheritance, and have only the Name to boaſt of. A pious Siſter can now paſs by a Church, even when the Organ is playing, and yet fall into no Fits, or be diſcompoſed at the matter: And a moody Brother can ride his Horſe by a May-pole, and yet the inſenſible Beaſt never ſtarts, or offers to throw his Maſter; even ſinging of Pſalms in private Families is as much out of faſhion, as paying of Debts with the Men of *Alſatia*; a Man may go through the *Poultry*, or any of the moſt ſanctified Streets about the Town a hundred times, and hear none of the comfortable Poetry of *Sternhold* and *Wiſdom*. Lay-Elders ſend their Daughters to Dancing-Schools, and their Sons wear Long Hair, and ſet up for Sparks of the Town. 'Tis a ſad obſervation, Mr. *Pryn*, but a very true one, that as a Miſer generally begets a Prodigal, ſo a Saint begets a Rake-hell.

Pryn. Alas, I am ſorry to hear it, and is there then ne're a publick ſpirited Son of Thunder in the whole Tribe, that has Courage and Hardineſs enough to laſh the degeneracy of the Age, and awake People to a ſenſe of their Duty?

Hick. No, Mr. *Pryn*, ſince you left the Earth, we have been deſtitute of ſuch brave, fiery, reſolute Patriots. There is indeed one Mr. *Stephens*, a *Poultry*-Author, that has very lately attempted ſomething of this nature, but through his too zealous management of the Affair it happen'd to miſ-

carry. He propoſed to the Parliament, to have the beginning or pledging of a Health, puniſh'd with the ſame Penalty as he ſets upon Swearing, which is the preciſe Sum of twenty ſhillings, and in caſe of diſability, to have thoſe notorious Offenders put in the Stocks and whipt. So likewiſe for any one that ſhould preſume to keep an Organ in a Publick Houſe, to be fined 20 *l.* and made uncapable of being an Ale-draper for the future. But Mr. *St*--- did not think this puniſhment was ſufficient for 'em, ſo he humbly requeſted to have 'em excommunicated into the bargain, and not to be abſolv'd without doing Publick Penance.

Reflections upon the Miſcarriages of the Navy. Printed by J. Harris.

Prin. And did ſo pious a Project as this come to nothing do you ſay?

Hick. 'Tis very true, Mr. *Pryn*, it was nipt in the bud. Not to be tedious with you, there are none of the Diſſenters that make any tolerable pretence to their ancient Auſterity but the Quakers, and even they begin to decline by degrees from their primitive Inſtitution. They ſtill make a ſhift to retain their diſtinguiſhing Garb, their little Cravats, broad-brim'd Hats, ſhort Hair, and Coats without Pockets before; but as for the reſt of the Separatiſts, they have clearly loſt all their Ear-marks; you may meet with twenty and twenty of 'em in the Streets, and yet not be able to diſtinguiſh 'em from the prophane part of Mankind, by any exterior appearances. And to ſay the truth, their Forefathers are to be blamed for it; they wore their Hypocriſie, as they ſay a *Welch-man* wears a Shirt, till it drop off from their ſhoulders; they did not leave Hypocriſie, but Hypocriſie left them.

Pryn. Well, I ſhould utterly diſpair of ever hearing that Presbytery wou'd make a figure again in the World, unleſs it were for ſome comfortable News that I have learn'd of a *Scotch* Ghoſt in the other World. He inform'd me of the miraculous Turn of Affairs in that Kingdom, how Epiſcopacy was aboliſhed, and Chriſtianity in its *puras naturalibus* ſet up in the room of it; and what is yet more material, how the Covenant, the Covenant of bleſſed Memory is ſtill looked upon as obligatory. So I am in good hopes our dear Brethren there will croſs the *Tweed*, oneof theſe days, to remove the accurſed thing, to propagate the Cauſe, and eſtabliſh the great Works of Righteouſneſs and Truth.

Hick. Take my word for't, Mr. *Pryn*, that Turn of Affairs, as you call it, in *Scotland*, is not ſo much for our advantage as you imagine. For my part, I'm ſo far from thinking it will contribute any thing to our Intereſt, that on the other hand, I fear it has broke the Neck of our Reputation, or rather of our Juggling. They have carried on the Reformation in that Kingdom with ſo much heat and rigour, not to call it cruelty,

that

that altho' their Brethren of the same Perswasion here in *England* have made a horrid noise about the persecuting Spirit of the Established Church, and daily talk of Moderation, and giving Quarter to those of a different Religion; yet 'tis breath foolishly spent, for every body believes they wou'd Copy from their dear Brethren of *Scotland*, if ever they shou'd arrive to have the Power in their hands. Such an ill-favour'd Accident as this happen'd in the late Reign; The Jesuits were willing to wipe off some of the most popular Scandal from Popery, so they prevail'd with the King to grant Liberty of Conscience to all his Subjects, and then they fell a magnifying the Charity and Bowels of the Church of *Rome*, after a wonderful manner. At the same time those of the Society in *France*, were playing the Devil at the expence of the poor *Hugonots*; so it was a very comical Scene to observe, with what flourishes the Priests recommended Love and Unity, and Forbearance to us here at home, when there daily came over such shoals of *French* Refugee's to contradict every Syllable they said; and 'tis no small diversion to our Enemies without doubt, to hear our Dissenting Parsons talk of Peaceableness and Gentleness, and the Lord knows what, when our streets are crouded with so many of the Episcopal Clergy of the other Kingdom, whom the Presbyterian Moderation has forced to seek their Bread in another Climate.—stay, who comes here, 'tis one of my own Cloath I perceive. I'll say that for him, he's a brave lusty well-built Fellow. But he mutters with himself, like a bilked Coach-man, or disappointed Projector, and looks as fierce and furious as if he had some strange design or other upon *Daniel* and the *Revelations*.

David J—— *appears.*

David. What to be thus ridicul'd and affronted, for the sake of an innocent well-meaning Sermon! to be crost and toss't from *Doctors-Commons* to *Fulham*, and at last to have an Ecclesiastical Padlock set upon my Mouth, 'tis hard, nay barbarous, nay Paganish, and Unchristian.

Pryn. What does the Fellow mean, I wonder.

David. When sins do once begin to grow to an head, and to become in fashion, they are to be roughly and severely dealt withal. An ordinary concern in such a case, is no better than silence, and silence in such a case is no better than down-right flattery. And to hold our Peace in such a case is all one, as to cry aloud, Peace, peace. Page 8. of his Sermon.

Pryn. That is as much as to say, 'tis all one to speak, and to say nothing. This young Sir *Roger*, I perceive, besides his other laudable Qualities, has a pretty Talent at quibling.

David. But people will say, Alas poor Man! These Times will never bear

it.

it. But to these I answer, These Times will, and must, and
Pag. 9. *shall bear it*, if I say the word. Iniquity, let it be distinguish'd by what Titles it will, shall feel the severity of my Indignation, and Prelates shall learn by my Example, what Vices to lash, and what Sins to preach against.

Hick. Bravely resolved, I protest: He's one of us, I perceive, Brother *Pryn*, I'faith I long to be acquainted with him.

David. To think that a little foolish Admonition wou'd prevail with me so far, as to make me neglect my Duty, and the Salvation of Souls! 'twas meer stuff. No, I'll roar against Sin louder than *Euroclydon* in the *Acts*, I'll bestride the *Dragon* upon *Bow*, and from thence denounce Perdition and Desolation to the whole City.

Hick. Nay, now I begin to melt. Something within whispers me, that this young *Boanerges* and I were cast in the same Mold. 'Tis a tough brawny fighting Carle I warrant him, he'd make you nothing of a dozen Porters or Water-men at a time. I wish I had him at *Colchester* to read Prayers, and fight my Battels for me.

David. All Mankind is my Diocess, and every particular Sin subject to my Visitation: Before the Courtiers I'll preach against false Promises, and no Payments. Before the Town-Ladies, against hiring a Friend to joyn 'em with some noted Gallant in a Lampoon, and carrying their Patch-Boxes, and Pocket-Looking-glasses to Church. Before the Foot-Guards, against building of Sconces, and rubbing out of Milk-scores. Before the *Beaux* of *Covent-Garden*, against Lamblacking of Signs, and bilking Hackney-Coaches. Before the Poets——

Hick. If you can get 'em into the Church, I suppose, otherwise not.

David. Against stealing from one another, flattering their Patrons and shamming their Booksellers. Before Porters, against Whipping the Snake, and squandering away their precious time at *Putt*, and *All-Fours*.

Pryn. Just of my own humour and inclination, I vow. I can scarce forbear interrupting him.

David. Thus *I'll discharge my indispensable Duty, without all fear or favour* [p. 10.]. I'll reprove the Lawyers for prolonging their Law-Suits; the Physitians for prolonging their Cures, the Vintners for selling Claret for Barcelona, and the City-Aldermen for forgetting their Leather-Breeches.

Hick. I find he'll make his words good. He'll visit all Mankind before he has done.

David. Merchants shall find the severity of my wrath, for their taking 20 *per Cent.* Military Officers for making false Musters; the City-

Justices

Juſtices for conniving at Fornication in Sattin, and puniſhing it in Grape: Chamber-Maids for telling Tales behind their Maſter's back; Gentlemen-Uſhers for carrying ſuch ſmall pittiful Legs about them, to the great ſcandal of their Ladies, as if they had drained 'em. School-maſters for ſuffering their Boys to be meer Arrians in Grammar, and confound the Three Perſons; the two Univerſities for neglecting *Ariſtotle*, and preferring Men of no merit; and laſtly Divines for a whole Cart-load, nay a Multitude, nay an Ocean of——

Hick. I can hold no longer an' I were to be hang'd. He has won the heart of me for ever. Worthy Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant. My Friend and I here made bold to over-hear your Diſcourſe, and are perfectly raviſh'd to find, that there is a young Man of ſuch rare integrity, and boldneſs in the Nation, from whom we are to expect ſuch Miracles and Prodigies.

David. Sir, you are both Strangers. I don't underſtand how——

Hick. Come, come, dear Heart, I know thy meaning as well as if I had been in the Belly of thee. Thou waſt going to tell us, that thy Parts do not lie much in Complementing; no more do mine, I'll aſſure thee. Why, Child, I am of the ſame kidney with thy dear ſelf. I am as gruff, and teſty, and proud, and ill-natur'd a Fellow as thou cou'dſt wiſh for. But to let thee ſee, my young *Drawcanſir*, that thou art not fallen into bad Company, that is the Ghoſt of the famous *William Pryn*, and I am the no leſs famous *Hick*—— of *Colcheſter*.

David. Oh the unexpected Happineſs that my good Fortune has thrown upon me! That *I* ſhou'd be ſo happy, as to meet with two ſuch celebrated Perſons at a time. And art thou then the Ghoſt of the indefatigable, irrefragable, invincible Mr. *Pryn*, for whoſe Writings and other Vertues I have ever had ſo great a veneration.

Pryn. The very ſame, dear Sir: and I ſhall not think my Journey into this World ill beſtow'd, ſince it has furniſhed me with the opportunity of ſeeing ſo accompliſh'd a Perſon.

David. And art thou likewiſe the puiſſant, Polemic Divine of *Colcheſter*, *Edm. Hick*—— by Name, with Heart of Oak, and Lungs of Leather? Oh thou true Mirror of Eccleſiaſtical Chivalry!

Hick. I am he, my Noble Son of Thunder, for want of a better. And ſha'nt we have one civil touch at Fiſty-cuffs, or ſo, before we part. Odd I long mightily to exerciſe my hand. But dear Rogue, we'll only batter one another in jeſt.

Pryn. Well Sir, I hope you are ſatisfied with your Company. Not to amuſe you then with any farther Ceremonies, which is always needleſs and impertinent amongſt Friends, I wou'd willingly be acquainted with your

your present Condition and Circumstances. You may assure your self I shall ever be ready to do you what Service I can, which is to give you a good Character before-hand, in the other World; and as for my Friend there, I don't question but he'll employ all his Interest for you, whenever he's favoured with an opportunity.

Hick. Ay, ay, you may swear I'll do him all the kindness I can. I'll make a Dean, a Bishop, an Arch-deacon, the Lord knows what of thee, one of these days, my dear Lad. Tho' may Small beer, and no Brandy be my portion, if I have Interest enough to help him to any higher Preferment, than to be Chaplain to a Mar-ket-Boat. *Aside.*

David. Truly Gentlemen, I take you both for a couple of civil vertuous Persons, Men of my own complexion and temper, and therefore shall not conceal the least material passage of my Life from you. —— To begin then, *Wales* is my Native Country.

Hick. I am glad to hear it, my bold *Britain*, with all my heart. Unless my Memory fails me, we are indebted to that place for *Pelagius*, and the more modern *Martin Mar-Prelate*, besides thy heroick self.

David. Oxford the Scene of my Education, where I have still a small foolish Trifle, which another Man perhaps wou'd value, but I hate and despise. At present my Residence is in *London*, where I design two things: First, To put in for the next vacant Lecture, or Reader's place; and Secondly, in order to that, To rail and bellow at all the visible and invisible Vice in the Nation.

Hick. Very politickly contrived, dear Heart. But may I make so bold with you, as to enquire, why the University is not honoured with your Company; especially, since to use your own expression, you have a certain Trifle there, which one wou'd think, might oblige you to continue upon the spot, a year or two longer.

David. Sir, you have put a question to me, which it goes somewhat against the grain to answer; but since I promised to conceal nothing from you, I must tell you then, that my Life was so very uneasie to me there, that I wou'd much rather chuse to live in *Green-land*, or a *Tobacco*-Plantation, than in the University.

Pryn. And what might be the occasion of that, my dearly beloved Son.

David. Nothing in the World as I know of, but onely my plain dealing humour; for if a Doctor or so chanced to preach a dull Sermon, I cou'd not forbear to quarrel with him upon that score: or, if a Head of a House preferr'd an undeserving Fellow, I was sure to make all the Coffee-Houses in the Town ring with the News; or if a Professor made a publick Speech, 'twas ten to one but I found out either false Latin, or no Philosophy in it; or if such a Man used to take his Bottle of Wine before

he

he went to Bed, why 'tis very likely I taxed him with the Sin of Drunkenness. In short, there was nothing acted in the University, either of a publick or private nature, but I according to the open frankness of my humour, made bold to examine, and generally to find fault with. The great Men there, were too much conceited of themselves, to consult my Advice, and so let 'em share the blame amongst 'em But 'twas none of my fault, I daily told 'em of their Duty.

Hick. A very free plain-dealing sort of a temper this, as one may say. But to pursue the Discourse, how hast thou spent thy time since, thou Heir Apparent to my Prowess, and Fortitude.

David. After a year or two's continuance in the Country, I removed to *London*, where I presum'd I might have a fairer opportunity of shewing my Parts, than *Wales* could afford. Here I have preached for some time, as often as my Friends would accommodate me with a Pulpit, and tho' I say it, that should not, not without the general approbation of the People here in the City. But now I am afraid I must take my last Farewell of Preaching, for I can prevail with no body almost to lend me a Pulpit. They are as afraid of lending it.

Hick. As a Citizen is of lending his Wife to a Courtier. And sayst thou so dear Heart! 'tis no great matter. I dare engage any of the Conventicles here in Town, wou'd be glad to receive a Youth of such commendable Qualities. But prithee, how comes it about, that People are so shie to venture thee in their Pulpits.

David. The same frank open humour that made me so remarkable at *Oxford*, has attended me to this City. So if the Clergy-man for whom I preach was famous for his Talent of Oratory, and so forth, I never fail'd to wipe him *for preaching up himself, and turning the Pulpit into a* Rostrum: or if he was a Noble-man's Chaplain, and visited the Court but once a Month, he was sure to be chastised for *degrading the Royal Priesthood, for serving Tables, and ascending downwards to Temporal Judicatures* [pag. 14.]

Hick. A very ingenious Expression that of *Ascending downwards to Temporal Judicatures.*

David. Well then, this is all, upon my word, Gentlemen.

Hick. And enough in Conscience. But after this open, freehearted manner (as *Erasmus* tells us) the Mendicant Fryars were used to serve the Secular Clergy. If the Parish-Priest, of whom they begged a Nights Lodging, was so civil as to break the Saturday-Fast for their sakes, and give 'em a fat Capon for Supper, to be sure these plain-dealing People requited him next Morning for his Hospitality, and acquainted the whole Congregation with the story of the Capon.

David. I have likewise disobliged my Brethren wtih a Sermon that

I lately printed; but let 'em say what they please, I am sure there's nothing in it, which a conscientious honest Man may be ashamed to own— Stay, let me see, I think I have a couple of 'em or more in my Pocket. Mr. *Pryn*, will you condescend to accept so small a Trifle from your Humble Admirer? Here's another for you, Mr. *Hick*——

Hick. Hold, what have we here? **A Sermon preached at** Christ-Church, London, Nov. 2. 1690. **By** David Jones, **Student of** Christ-Church **in** Oxford. What, have we more still in the Title-page? **Published at the Request of his Friends.** Nay then it cannot fail to be an Excellent one indeed. But pray, Sir, what may be the drift, the meaning, and the design of your Sermon?

David. To make all the Clergy-men odious and contemptible to the Laity. 'Tis no more than what they deserve you know.

Hick. Why then your Friends, at whose Request it was published, are, I suppose, the Dissenters, or some who would not be sorry to see all the Parsons in the Kingdom turned out of all, and reduc'd to Beggery.

David. 'Tis an universal, bold-spirited Satyr, and touches the whole Fraternity one way or other. *Imprimis*, 'Tis a Satyr against Eloquence.

Hick. I love thee dearly for that: For I hate Eloquence in a Sermon as heartily as I do a Citation from *Doctors-Commons*. I will certainly make thee Heir to my old, trusty, serviceable Cane, and my more serviceable Concordance for this.

Dav. In the next place, 'tis a Satyr against Pluralities and Non-Residence.

Hick. Well, I must needs say this, we pitiful sorry Rascals, that have either no Benefice at all, or what is as bad, a very small one, rail at Pluralities with the best grace of any man breathing: And thus we rail at Eloquence in other People, because we are not Masters of it our selves.

Pryn. This same Clamour about Pluralities was ever used by the Saints, tho' when they came to get the Power in their hands they practised it themselves. For I remember honest Mr. *Marshal* inveighed very furiously against this sin, even when he carried three Steeples in his Pocket, as the wicked Malignants observed.

Hick. However I commend thee dear Heart for Preaching against Pluralities here in *England*, and not in thy own Country; for tho' it may be a sin here, 'tis not so I am confident in *Wales*. If holding of two Benefices, where one of 'em does not afford a competent Maintenance, is no Crime at all, then in *Wales* a Man may tack half a Dioceſs together, and yet not be charged with holding Pluralities. A dozen Vicaridges there, even with the *Sunday* advantage of a Bear and a Fiddle, will scarce keep the Minister, especially if he is married.

David. Lastly, 'Tis a Satyr against Eating or Drinking in a Lord's Family, but especially against Pride.

Pryn.

Pryn. And that is a ſin, under the Roſe be it ſpoken, which we Reformers are as much guilty of, as any Men in the Univerſe. But my dear Son, are there no civil touches at Ceremonies and Superſtition, in Altars in your Diſcourſe.

Hick. Hold Mr. *Pryn*, that's no civil Queſtion. You know the old ſaying, *Nemo repente fuit*, and ſo forth. Come, come, *Rome* was not built in a day, a Man muſt have time to refine and cultivate himſelf; Mr. *J-nes* is a young Man, and one of theſe days will have a fling at all thoſe paw things you have named; if he has not done it already. I think he has given us enough in all Conſcience for one ſingle Sermon.

Pryn. Nay, there I cloſe with you. The Sermon by what account we have heard of it, is a very commendable worthy Sermon, and ſo great a value have I for it, that as ſoon as ever I arrive at the other World, I deſign to communicate it to all my choice Acquaintance there.

David. That will be an extraordinary Honour I can aſſure you. Here's another of 'em for you, and pray preſent it from me, to my Country-man *Pelagius*.

Hick. And when your hand is in, you may tell him, That the Author of it will make as great a buſtle in the *world* as ever he did.

Pryn. You need not queſtion but I'll perform my Meſſage very punctually. And now my dear Son (for by that Name I muſt call you for the future) to make you ſome ſmall amends for this kind voluntary Gift of a Sermon that you have made me, I will make bold to give you a little Advice; 'tis all I can do at preſent for you; and to make it find the greater welcome with you, I muſt in the firſt place tell you, that 'tis the very ſame Advice that a late famous Aſſembly-man gave to a Nephew of his, a little before his going into the Vineyard.

David. With all my heart, honoured Sir, I ſhall liſten to it with a great deal of attention.

Pryn. It was a conſtant ſaying with this Aſſembly-man, That it was the principal part of a Divine's Office, to know how to manage Hell well.

Dav. Manage Hell well! In the Name of Wonder what did he mean by it.

Pryn. You ſhall hear. As this learned Gentleman well obſerved, Hell conſiſts chiefly in two Puniſhments, Roaſting and Freezing, and a Miniſter ought to take ſpecial care when to terrifie the People with Roaſting, and when with Freezing. For inſtance, ſays he: Suppoſe a Man in the heat of Summer, when we ſweat and drip, and are ready to faint away, ſhould talk of the freezing or gnaſhing of Teeth that is in Hell, People wou'd be apt to conclude 'tis no ſuch uncomfortable place as they imagined, but miſtake it for a Grotto: And then again in the midſt of Winter, if he ſhould indiſcreetly talk of roaſting and ſuing, they would certainly think it neither better nor worſe than a Bagnio. By this means Hell wou'd loſe moſt

of

of its terrour, and terrour, according to the Doctrine of the Triers, is the first motive of a Man's Conversion. Therefore, Nephew, says he, whenever you preach, that you may frighten your Auditors into a true apprehension of the Torments of the other World, be sure you always apply your Roasting in the Summer, and your Freezing in the Winter.

Hick. Very pretty Advice upon my word. But not to be behind hand with my Brother *Pryn*, pray take a little Advice from me too. You tell us, my *young Drawcansir*, that you have a design upon some Preferment here in the City; and 'tis a very laudable design I own. So you may rail at the Bishops and the Clergy till your heart akes, and the City will take thee for a Cherubim incarnate. But then hark you in my ear, not a word of Rebellion or Oppression, or cheating or griping, or devouring of Widdows, or swallowing of Orphans, as you love yourself; not one single Syllable of all this, do you mind me.

David. Well Gentlemen, I thank you heartily for your good Advice, which to say the truth, comes very seasonably at present, to support me under the heavy load of my Afflictions. Not to make a tedious recital of my Misfortunes, no Man has suffered more than myself, and less deserved it.

Hick. Fie, fie, my Son of Thunder, You a Sufferer? You an Alderman as well; What it may come to in time, if you still preserve your vertuous Principles, I can't tell: But alas! what you have already suffer'd, does not deserve a mentioning. What! you have been ill spoken of, I warrant; And have not all your Predecessors in the Noble *Army* of Reformers been abused *that way* ten times more than *yourself*? Or has an Ecclesiastical Padlock, as *you* call it, been clapt upon *your* Mouth? Why 'tis easily removed with a little sham Repentance. You had no Estate to lose, and no Preferment to forfeit. Therefore if ever *you* talk of Sufferers, then talk of me, and my Brother *Pryn* there.

Pryn. Nay, now *you* are out of *your* Road, Brother *Hick*. You are not to be named in the same *Year* with *myself*, as to the point of Suffering. The utmost *you* underwent was a small Confinement and a small Suspension, Things really not fit to be call'd Sufferings in any Language. Whereas I was fined and imprisoned, and to compleat my Losses, lost my Ears at length.

Hick. What *you say* is very true. *You* lost *your* Ears indeed; But what of all that? You made the poor Arch-bishop that ordered 'em to be cut off, to lose his Head, and was not that a sufficient Recompence? For *my* own part, I protest to *you* (and I dare swear the young Reformer is of *my* mind) that if I cou'd have half that Revenge upon a certain Prelate that shall be nameless, I cou'd willingly submit to lose *my Ears*, nay, and be circumcised into the *bargain*.

Pryn. That may be. But *my* time is now expired, and I can tarry no longer. *Continue steadfast to your Principles.* Farewel Brother *Hick*: dear Son Adieu.

F I N I S.